

# ROLLER DERBY

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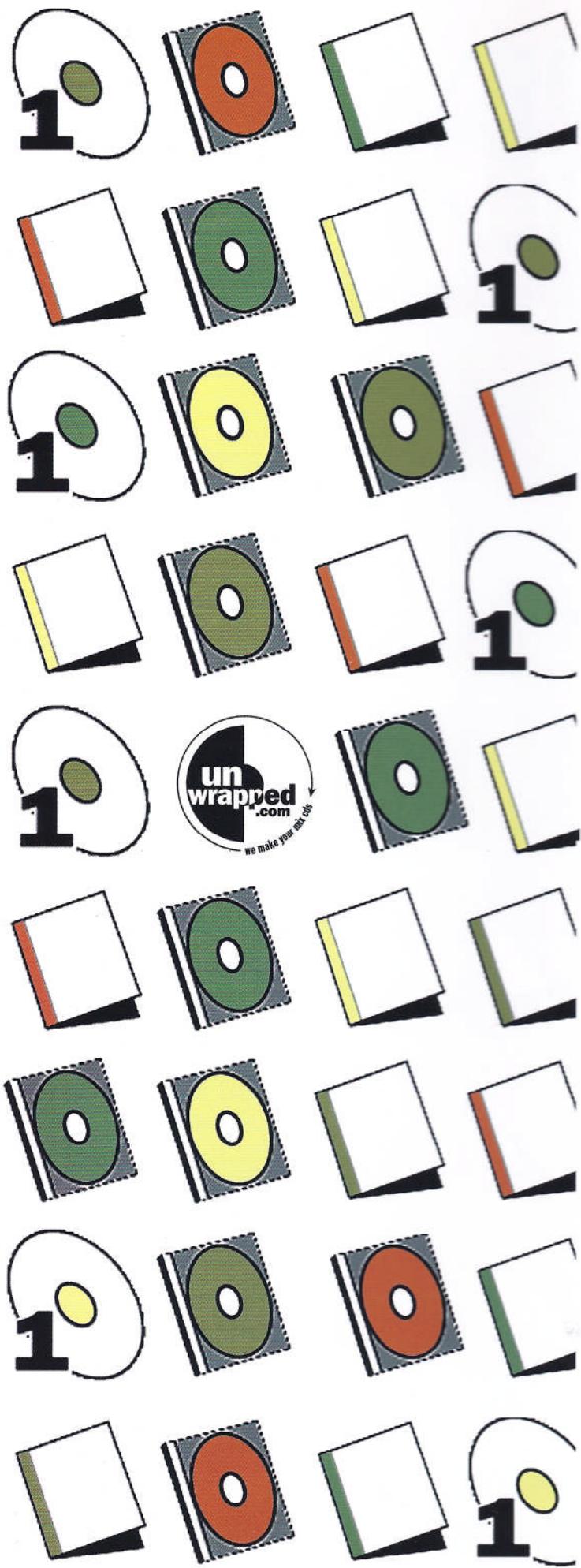
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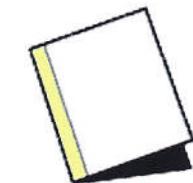
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# Suckdog Tour Diary

by Lisa Crystal Carver

I always hated it when people love each other, because then they think it's just *so wonderful* to stay in bed all day, and go buy food and cook it. They lose all interest in going to parties, saying inappropriate things, or throwing up on themselves and others. It perplexed me: How could somebody choose one person and one place, when there's such a wide, deep, strange world out there? How can they just turn away from all the crazy ideas that show themselves on the horizon just out of reach, requiring a chase and an abandonment of everything and everybody that doesn't fit in the back of the car?

Now I love somebody I don't want to leave, and I'm leaving leaving instead. This is the final Rollerderby, the final Suckdog tour, my final drunken brawls and coke-fueled revelations. After ten years--25 issues, four CDs, and ten American and European tours--of debauchery (tightly woven with a Puritan work ethic that could not be killed or made to pass out), I literally woke up one morning and realized that buying a house and taking walks and getting used to somebody had become absolutely fascinating and sexy to me, and having sex with strangers and gritting my teeth with three nights of no sleep had lost lost appeal. I'd somehow stepped outside of the autobiography I'd been living in, and found it amazingly fresh and lovely out here. I feel meaningless in a completely freeing way. I feel unshackled. It was a good ten years though, and this tour was a very fine way to end, with a dead chicken and an angry Kentucky mob. The tour, which was supposed to be the Peace and Love tour and completely was not, was my favorite one I've ever done. I loved the mishaps, every single one of them, and my tourmates, and never staying anywhere more than 18 hours. And the songs. Here are two weeks of some of my favorite memories in the whole world, and a wonderful good-bye to everything I ever was.

19 October, Dover, NH

My bandmates arrived yesterday. The van had to be shifted into neutral each time it stopped, they had a harrowing trip from New York, with Darcy yelling from the back to slow down!!!, and that she didn't care if she died, but she didn't want her face messed up. Coz already goes under the speed limit, but Darcy drives so slow she once got pulled over for doing 35 in a 55 zone. She told Coz he was going to "mutilate her beautiful face with his stupid, ugly van." Coz replied that there was a couple got in an accident and the wife's beautiful face was messed up and the husband couldn't take it, so he took a rock and smashed her to death. Coz was all stressed out about the van, predicting doom. I was getting an ulcer just looking at him. I said, "Well, you're all here, and the van did not die." He said, "Yet." I said,

"And Darcy's face isn't messed up." And Coz and I said at the same time, "Yet." Darcy keeps on making fun of Coz. He's from Texas and the rest of us are from the northeast, so we don't understand things he does like wear bright colors and drink vinegar and urinate in places other than a toilet. She and Coz are having little squabbles all day long, like about our friends' having passed rice from the woman's mouth to the man's. Coz thought that was romantic, Darcy said it was sick. Coz said birds do it. Darcy said we're not birds, we have manners. Then Coz started thinking out loud about a business venture where you chew up old people's food and regurgitate it for them. The fact that we were eating dinner at the time made this idea not a good one. I told each member of the troop separately that the others were crazy. Each person agreed. I bet they're having conversations about me when I leave the room. Everyone but me has had bleeding ulcers but I have the worst insomnia. First practice went really well. Everyone is an enthusiastic singer, dancer and costume-changer. Darcy refused to sing the finale, though, because it's a GG song that contains the line "we're living like sewer rats." She feels this does not mirror her doll-life aesthetics.

The show is gonna be so good. We have a different dance for each song, and we've made all these vocal additions to the originals--ooh's and aah's and harmonies. You should see Ohio and Coz dancing. They're like drunk Russians/breakdancers/snake-charmers/Shan Na Na. I just hope I don't crack up all show long watching them. Coz is very stinky. I don't know why. There's always one on every tour--the stinky one. Coz has all these herbal remedies for every ailment--physical, mental or situational--that he's always trying to force on us. I wish he had one for stinkiness. He also has a bizarre historical memory (ie., believes Reagan and Bush had sex) and all these science fiction theories which he expounds with earnestness and gravity, and then is surprised and confused when we laugh. Because we're each kooky in totally different ways, it's like a nuthouse where everyone in the room thinks there is one common subject of conversation, but in fact everyone is just expressing their craziness idiosyncratically--all these parallel strains of logic, never meeting.



*Sigining autographs in Portsmouth NH - smeared lipstick & woman's broken panties hanging from my shirt-front.*

We did our first interview (phone). Darcy said I'm the alpha female but she can get along with me because she's a Gemini. So then the interviewer asked if Darcy's a control freak. Coz said she is. He cited her ordering him to go put on more deodorant the first day they met. Also, Boyd called when I was out: Coz chatted with him for a while, then Darcy started yelling from the couch answers to questions she couldn't hear. Darcy's explanation for this was Coz was not giving the information about when I'd be back soon enough. Coz said he was just being friendly. Darcy replied that he was being "retarded and inefficient." While

trying to explain all this to the interviewer, Coz and Darcy fought over the phone and it hung up.

I took everyone to the Dover waterfall, and then to Extreme Bowling (under a strobe light). We stole our bowling shoes. Darcy almost got kicked out for trying to bowl down somebody's legs. Ohio misread Turkey Supper on a church sign as Turkey Slipper, and Coz said very seriously, "Well, every earthbound mollusk has a tongue on his foot, so turkey slippers would be good for them." Coz went to bed early, and Darcy, Ohio and I stayed up laughing about the earthbound mollusks with turkey slippers for I am not kidding two hours. I was crying and drooling, and Ohio's stomach hurt and Darcy's face hurt. We also went to the beach. It was warm and beautiful. The beach alters you as much as any drug. Ohio says he's laughed more in the last week than in the last few years--ever since Bill Cosby talked about his lip catching on fire. Coz always says the wrong thing to women. He said I look like a piranha and thought he was complimenting me. He refers to Darcy's weight, and actually bought arthritis cream because he said he's sore from having to carry her when she's in her mermaid costume. An article described me as extremely beautiful and I said I hate that because then people are disappointed when they meet me and I'm nothing special, and he said, "Well, don't worry--no one's gonna get too close a look at you." *Jesus!* Coz wears acid-washed jeans. Those dingy grayish ones. I admire someone who is so fashionably out of it, who just wears what they want--but he's just so wrong. I tried to explain why I was laughing, I said, "Your pants are just so...so..." "Butch?" he guessed. Totally serious. I don't know--maybe this is not sounding so funny. But every single thing cracks me up so bad.

Everyone but me had a nickname, so I asked my bandmates for one and they came up with "Slavedriver." People seemed to like the show. They clapped and yelled between songs, and danced, which is something that never happened to me before because there were never real songs before. I got so excited when the show began I peed my

### Darcy's Dover diary Oct. 98

Lisa Suckdog is like a divining rod and a lightning rod. She divines some kind of crazy spirit that runs straight through her and deflects off her in every direction, but not touching her. It effects everything around her and she doesn't even notice. A week after the end of the tour, everyone had been to the emergency room but her, Ohio and I were sick in bed, Coz was somewhere in West Virginia in a broken-down van, and when I called Lisa she wasn't sick or tired at all--she'd just flown back from LA where she'd spoken at some conference and kissed an international businessman.

During our first show in New Hampshire, Ohio was attacked by a member of the audience, a weird guy wearing a cowboy suit, resulting in his arm being slashed open. His real blood combined with the fake blood, instantly ruining his "good" shirt he was supposed to wear during the rest of the tour for the wedding song. After the show we all got in the van to go home and I was astonished to see the weird guy sitting in our car. Lisa said he was going to stay at the house tonight because he worked in Dover. She didn't even know his name. I just thought, "Whatever. He can't do much to me in a houseful of people so I'm safe." We drove to the hospital, Lisa recounting all the way about other Suckdog tours and all their injuries. They really liked us in the hospital waiting room. During the days we were practicing, every time Ohio left the house at least two Dover residents recognized him as "Wally Jones" and would call out to him. His Dover doppelganger. I thought we were supposed to call him Wally in the hospital so we all called him Wally although the name on his fake I.D. is Jason Studebaker. Lisa's makeup was smeared all over her face and she looked insane. Plus we came in with Boney-Bo Monkey Coz and this weird, tall, cowboy-clothes guy. Back home, the house was packed. Boyd Rice was there to watch Wolfgang, as well as the four members of Suckdog plus the stalker cowboy guy, who insisted on sleeping on the floor in the guest room with us. I lent him my doll pillow and he kept talking all night and farting really bad. I told him if he had to do something that bad again he had to either stick his butt out the window or go outside. He left early the next morning and during the night he had ripped up the doll pillow to shreds. What was his problem?

pants a tiny bit, and ever since then Coz has been trying to force water retention herbs on me. I said, "Coz! I do not have incontinence! One time in my life I got so excited I peed my pants! Leave me alone!"

In Boston, Billy Ruane, who's insane, dragged me over to the Mudhoney show and threw me head-first onstage and two bumps arose on my forehead. Mark Arm did cartwheels because he had just come to see us and I'd done them, and he was pretty good at it for a guy. At the NY show, no one in the audience danced so I got mad and punched people. I CANNOT SLEEP! I was so angry at the show. Everything had been late and a disaster, and even though I have stage fright I've restricted myself to one beer per show because I'm already nervous and weird. I was high on this weird fury. I don't understand. I hate NY now. Tonight we play Philly. I hope I can be gracious.

Ohio was saying he realized that people who spend the most time with him know him the least. He says he tends to be attracted to strangers who are already in a relationship, and he pours everything into them, and tries to learn everything about them, and then when they part ways he doesn't mind because he knows he gave his best. We talked about how people don't like change, because when everything's the same, you know how to navigate reality, you know how to succeed. If someone comes along and changes the game, or forces you to see that the game has already changed, then you're lost and you have to learn a whole new way around. But when you try to shove change back, and keep the order that worked before, that's when you start getting deluded. Because you can't really stop it--you can only put like a scrim over it, a painting of the past. Not just individuals, but entire societies will cling to an old, used-up way, and tell each other it's still relevant, rather than face the fact that it's over.

All four of us have these high IQs and were hyperactive and sent to a psychologist for the first time around the age of eight! We also all had out-of-body hallucinations around that time. My guess is we were under so

much pressure from our parents that we ended up realizing concepts one is not equipped to grasp till later (like that we're not the center of the universe) and it manifested in physical hallucinations. Ohio's mom was just like mine--always sickly, and having an unnaturally close and isolating relationship with us when we were kids ("It's you and me against the world"), the dad not really in the picture, and then when we hit 13 or so and started wanting to be with our friends more, the guilt trips: "You'll be sorry when I'm dead!" "You're making me sicker!" Until we had to turn into robots just to get away. Ohio says he feels like an octopus, just drifting along. We both idealize love but don't have a clue how to go about having it. Coz's mom was neurotic. She was always thinking he had worms. Coz will say really inappropriate things really loud, and then when I say, "Don't say that so they can hear you!" he says, "No one can hear my voice. It's so annoying that people tune it out." He actually believes he's auditorially invisible!! That's so sad.

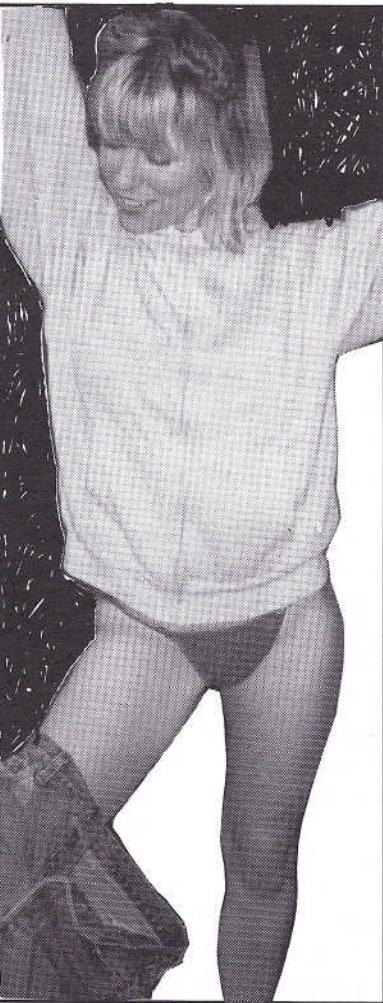
I think part of the reason I was so pissy in New York is because this is the LOVE tour--almost every song is about that--and I was feeling down on love last night. I was feeling like, "Aw, fuck it." It just confuses me and it's too hard and I hate it. So I was all sarcastic in my songs and probably I was a terrible person.

Now we're in Philly. Still haven't slept. It's been like two weeks since I slept! Our van died. Darcy and Coz freaked out. They're the crazy kids; Ohio and I are the good cop/bad cop. (Obviously, I'm the bad one.) We are getting delicious meals wherever we go. We still all love each other. Darcy and Coz are like an old married couple--maybe a Catholic one, or some denomination that just does not believe in divorce, even though given these circumstances it really should. Ohio said he's having the best time of his whole life. Darcy says she can't remember the last time she felt no sadness at all like this. Coz said he wanted adventure and he's getting more of it than he thought possible. I took an antidepressant to help me sleep. It didn't work. Instead, I am a very undepressed drunk: The manager is letting us have JDs and Coke instead of draft beer because, he said, we're special. Or I said, and he believed me. I'm ready to rock! I got my picture taken with an old man who has an album of him with all famous people--Reagan, Shawn Cassidy, Blondie.... I tried to blow a bubble when the flash went off, but probably just looked like I had a deformed lip. It was thin gum. This tour is a blast. Well gotta go put my gown on. I'm looking at an old picture of myself hanging on the bar. I made friends with everyone tonight. I feel friendly. I love Philadelphia.

Next day--I don't believe it's exactly true that I made friends with everyone. I do believe I made everyone run away. I bit a man's nipple. I claimed he deserved it. Probably he did. I tried to get an Aries to kiss me but he remained faithful to his girlfriend and I was very impressed. Ohio

smashed a pint glass again and got like little paper cuts in the webs of all his fingers. It's like my grandmother would get from sewing. Coz's amp died. The owner was great--Rick Dubroski. After the show, Coz drove all night and apparently I was leering at him and saying, "I have hypnotic eyes! You will stay in your lane!" Then, with my head against the window and my legs bent up against my chest, I slept. It was a beautiful sleep, deep and still. My first sleep in about 20 days. I'm happy to be surrounded by such strange talent. Darcy's mermaid song is just like a real siren's, lulling and preternatural. Coz's falsetto voice is truly divine. Ohio's rendition of "Feel Like Makin' Love" almost makes me cry--it's big and lumbering and cracked and very passionate! Like Kris Kristofferson in *A Star Is Born*. Ohio's in the back seat sleeping right now with a bear mask on and his hand on Darcy's hair. It's a rather frightening sight. I feel pretty fine--not hungover in the least. Coz just told me why I bit that guy--we were arguing about art, it seems. His friends were all ganging up on me, and I was yelling at them all. I'll take on anyone.

Everyone begged Coz to put his shoes back on (in the van), but he wouldn't. So Darcy said please put some of this baby powder on your feet then. He starts telling us about rubbing your feet with chopped onion or some other of his home remedies and we're all, "Coz, we DON'T WANT TO KNOW! Just put that powder on!" He called us ignorant about health and sprayed the powder wildly and it got all over my ham sandwich and I was so mad at him.



Each show has turned into whatever the city is like. Last night in Cleveland was 1985 hardcore. I stage-dived and got carried around by the audience...twice! What was I thinking? Ohio knocked over an amp, or someone did, and broke a mic cord and the stand of someone filming. The soundman and all the workers were totally cool about it. The doorman kept buying me kamikazes. The one beer per show is totally over. Did an interview on the street at 3 AM, very loud. It's just crazy here. The kids are all right. Ohio and I had a deep talk. Then he puked. Poor Darcy--she's so ladylike, and little did she know the show would degenerate so far so rapidly. This guy told Ohio to shut up and I said who said that? No one said a word, then the guy's friend ratted him out. I walked up to him and said, "Did you tell my bandmate to shut up?" He said yes, and I punched him so hard I'm afraid I broke something. Then I ran away because I was afraid he'd get up off the floor and punch me back! The Canadian camerawoman got hit in the head three times. Ohio's dad was at the show and he loved it. The dad's girlfriend danced on a table. She was happy. Ohio dedicated a song to his dad. He was naked. Ohio, not the dad. All the ladies were yelling, "Ohio! Pull your pants up! Cut it out Ohio!" Afterwards, everyone was yelling for more. We said only if five people get down on their knees and beg. They did it! I guess that's rather

strange, but actually people like to beg. In Columbus we made ten people beg. Ten naked people. Everyone in Columbus was coming on to Darcy. In Columbus, people look like out-of-work lumberjacks. Darcy likes dapper men who sip wine at art openings. Seriously. She said she never saw such a bunch of hard-up losers in her life. Nobody came on to me. Perhaps, dreamers that they are, they only want what is unattainable--and unlike the Dame, I'm very attainable to out-of-work lumberjacks. The downtrodden intellectuals with pot bellies pushing against the bar, who let their dreams go and so keep them perfect. They cry at the wrong things. They're beautiful.

Coz is trying to get me to eat ginger root. I'm trapped in the back of the van with him. I should say more about playing Bernie's (Columbus, OH). Of course it was out-of-control. I have only out-of-control memories of any time I've been to Columbus. Darcy got naked! Ohio and I just looked at each other with our mouths hanging open and then we took our clothes off too, then this crazy girl got on stage and took her clothes off, then about eight guys dropped their drawers. Coz did too. Darcy is one of those people who is always dressed from neck to wrist to ankle. She thinks all people should be completely covered at all times, even in bed. So you see how crazy Columbus makes people! I was leaping on tables, flying. Not climbing, but *leaping*. Dyke Supreme, a long-haired 47-year-old who loves AC/DC, did vocals on two songs and got tackled and his thumb was broken! I got a shard of table metal embedded under my nail bed. After the show, a philosophy major seemed like he'd buy two *Rollerderbys* and then he only bought one. So I got mad and attacked him. Well, actually we were yelling about Nietzsche and he thought he knew more than me or something. Actually, he did know more than me, so I told "Well I'm better than Nietzsche," and to prove it, I bit him. "There! Did Nietzsche ever bite you? No--because he's *dead*!"

The other name my bandmates gave me is Darth Vader because of my driving. I totally concentrate, not talking to anyone, not touching the radio knobs, just looking straight ahead and driving at warp speed. We got sideswiped going 90 mph, and we should've been driven off the road, but I just braced my arms against the wheel and barreled ahead, absorbing the shock of the other car, and I didn't say a word while Coz screamed "oh god oh god oh god." That's when they started calling me Darth Vader. Then the stupid guy who side-swiped us was waving his pot pipe at us, offering us some!

I don't know what I believe anymore. I know I don't believe what I used to, but I don't know what I believe now, and I keep on mimicking the actions that worked before, that brought realizations, but they don't work anymore. I'm not afraid of change, but I can't make out what my life has changed into. Jerry Wick told me 50 people in Columbus hated the show and ten people said it was the best thing they'd every seen. Neither response really mattered to me. All I want to do is shake things up. Success and failure mean nothing--how would you know which is which anyway? Things always turn upside-down. I'm lost.

Oh my god, the fight Coz and Ohio had in Chicago! Ohio told Coz to turn right and he had a hissy fit, so Ohio told him to quit being such a baby, so Coz stopped the van and said he wasn't

going any further till he got some respect. Ohio said you get respect when you give it. Then he called him a baby again. Coz said, "You're the baby!" Ohio said, "No, you're the baby!" Coz took the right turn at 90 mph when he should have been going about 15. Coz said this was the worst time of his life and he wanted to die. Ohio said well quit yapping about it then and do it. I told Ohio to quit antagonizing Coz and to switch seats with me. Ohio wasn't antagonizing him, but I was afraid Coz was gonna have a heart attack. Earlier, when we'd had trouble finding the Playboy headquarters (Chip Rowe gave us a tour), Coz literally pulled his hair out and threw chunks of it on the ground. I thought that was just a figure of speech--never saw someone actually do it before! Some guy was in the back seat for some reason and right after Coz and Ohio's fight, he said something about the angry bunny (Liz Armstrong, who wore a furry white bikini and ears and danced on the amp at our show, and was fantastic) being a bitch, and how her bunny ears were messing up men's thinking like TV antennae. I told him to take back calling my friend a bitch, and he said he can say the word bitch if he wants. I said you can't say whatever I don't want you to say when you're in my van, or you can get the fuck out. So he took it back. Then Ohio told Coz he loved him, but Coz was all stony-faced and anal. He didn't talk to us for about 12 hours. He's all better now, I guess. I think little tiffs are good for relieving tension when you're on tour. You just can't take them seriously, and you got to make up right after. Coz coughs and snorts and clears his throat a *lot*, by the way.

Ohio and I are gonna do some coke tonight. I bought some cocaine panties at Wal-Mart. They have tiny gold spangles. We bought panties because roomfuls of people have been making fun of Darcy's underwear, whenever there's no private place to change her costumes. She wears granny drawers--big old cotton ones, gray and white with collapsed waist bands. And some have candy canes and Christmas wreaths on them. Anyway, after all these people said "NICE panties" to her, she decided it was time to break down and enter the 20th century. So I gave her a Panties 201 lesson. We picked out eight pairs for her--velvet baroque, spangled, bowed, etc. Very nice. I thought she should stick with the old ones, I thought they had personality.

P.S. Because she passed out on the floor of the club in Columbus, now she's worried she has hoof and mouth disease.

This girl said after the show in Chicago, "Great show--but you got a small weenie, Ohio!" He said, "Hey...it expands! I been drinking two weeks--what do you expect? Hey, it works!" He kept on yelling stuff but the girl was long gone. Beer makes your penis shrink? I never knew that.

I seriously think I could teach a panties class. I know a lot about them. So many career opportunities!

Everyone but me throws up. I never throw up. I don't need sleep, I don't need ginger root. I'm not even human. I'm just pure, sweet feeling that happens to be able to walk, drive, dance.

The windshield wiper flew off while we were driving. These are some of the things the van is missing: a gas gauge, a light for the speedometer, a seatbelt head for the passenger seat; the turn signal falls off, there's no visor, the radio keeps shorting out.

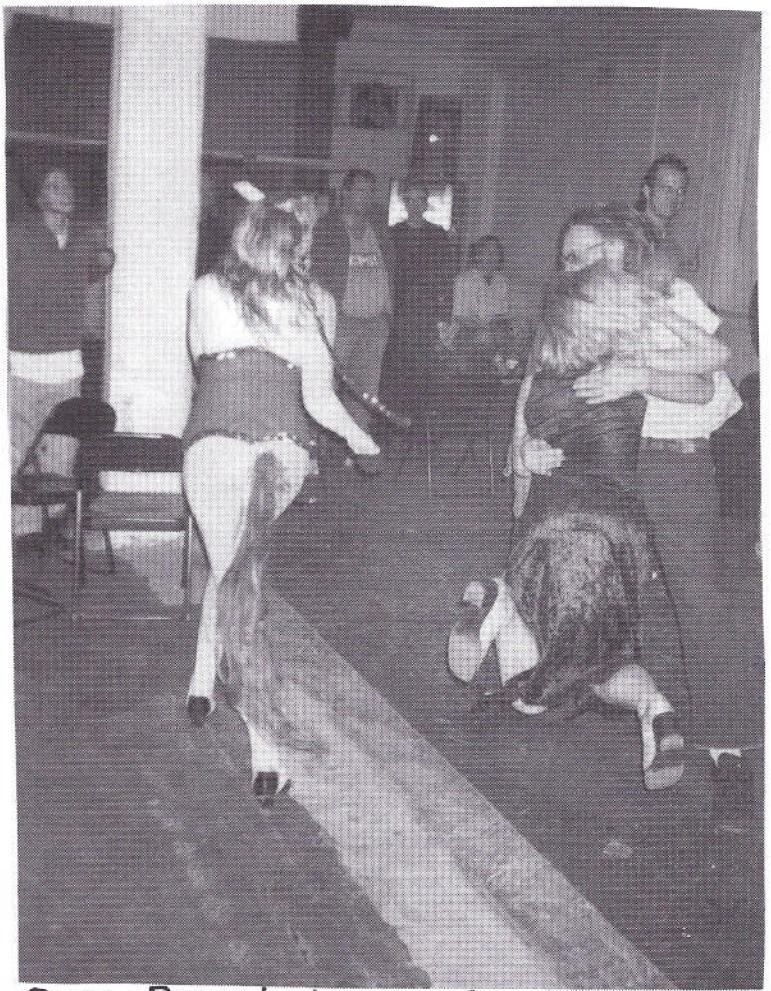
And it smells like gasoline.

Pittsburgh. There weren't many people; they were in metal chairs. All those people on metal chairs just staring at you.... I ripped people off their chairs and threw the chairs to the side--it made a nice cacophonous addition to the music. The coke made me realize I could do four dance moves in the amount of time I'd formerly been doing one move. I tried to make people dance. I kept telling them they were gonna die so they might as well boogie tonight. They did a little. Got a sexy pirate to get naked in the end. He was about 55 years old and wore an eyepatch for real. He said he'd do anything for me. His first time naked! Ohio's down about something. I don't ask what, because when you're stuck with three other people 24 hours a day in a tight space, you don't want them in your face trying to figure you out. This creepy guy was drooling over me and Darcy, and Darcy was all petulant about how she got presents in every city but Pittsburgh (Darcy frowns like Clara Bow when she doesn't get her way), so Creepy Guy went to his car and found a present for her--a Skid Row tape!!!!

The emergency flash switch fell off the van. I love to drive. I put on my sunglasses and I feel like I'm in a bubble. I get all the aloneness.

Soundmen are really good-looking! You think of bands as being the hot stuff, but in reality all the bands we've met on this tour are either fat or scrawny, they're smelly and tired and they drink too much. Even if they're nice, you don't exactly want to date them. But the soundmen--they have all their equipment, and they have their life together, and they have time to get a haircut. Us too--when we roll into town...well, I'm sure we'd be much better-looking if we were soundmen.

Newport KY. Tonight was supposed to be the LUV and peace show for real this time, but they shut us off after two songs due to the fact that they're pussies. The soundman--who was NOT good looking, nor was he a real soundman!--messed up so bad...two out of four mics working, no backing tape in the monitors...Ohio got so upset he got naked and turned over tables and the soundman shut us off! I said turn us back on. He said he can't when we're breaking equipment. I said last I knew a table was not equipment, and it's not broken anyway. I said tables get knocked down every Friday night, what's your problem you can't take it? I was calling him a pussy, pussy, pussy, then I added "nothing bad about vaginas!" Then Darcy got on the mic in her nice white outfit and said, "Yeah!" This guy said he wanted the show to go on--his name was Bones, and he had tattoos all over his body. I'm not sure how, but I punched him in the face and he tackled me and he was punching my head and two guys were on top of him and I was in a fetal position with my arms around my head--which three men were sitting on as they wrestled! I reached up to pinch Bones really hard and then Bones broke one guy's nose and the next thing I knew Bones and I were outside and Bones said, "I love you, Lisa, I'm your biggest fan," and we embraced. So Coz gave Bones a ride home in the van, and I went in Meghan Haas's car with her boyfriend, who was one of the guys who had tackled Bones. I can't even remember the last time I had so much fun. Ohio had me do a line of coke right before we went on-stage. He said, "Come here and inhale some devil's



Dame Darcy in horse outfit, Lisa in evening gown — encouraging Pittsburgh to dance.

breath." I said no, because something bad would surely come of it, but he said he wanted that. Anyway, I believe we behaved appropriately, considering the circumstances.

Someone threw a dead chicken at us. We figure they wanted to put a voodoo curse on us but couldn't remember which part of the chicken. "Not the wings...uh...just throw the whole thing." The logic on this tour kills me. Someone in the audience called me a Primadonna and I turned into Jaba the Hut. I was calling everyone idiots. This morning I thought Coz was in bed with me with a blond wig on. I thought he used a blond wig as a sleep-aid--turn it backwards and block out the sun. But no, it was Darcy. Darcy said, "I love being on tour. We don't have to call anyone. We're just demented roving hedonists, going from town to town, making out with girls, drinking whiskey, then we get back in the van. And every once in a while we have to go to the hospital." People were telling us last night's show was the best show they'd ever seen! I said, "But we got cut off!" They said, "We'd rather have ten minutes of ecstasy than an hour of pleasure." I'm at Sudsy's now while Ohio's getting his broken or sprained ankle X-rayed and Darcy's finally getting that tetanus shot she's been longing for. Sudsy's is a bar/jukebox joint/pinball machine alley and a laundromat. There's so much great stuff in life. Meghan is an angel. She made us a tour care pack--tapes to listen to, Kleenex, Vitamin C, candy. She's really funny--all her tour stories (The Lazy Music Group), especially the one where the guy threw the broken windshield wiper out into the woods in a

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blizzard and the other girl was screaming at him that wolves would swallow it and choke. Like a wolf is not gonna know a windshield wiper is not food! Then they had the big band fight about which is bigger, moose or caribou. People have been such great hosts to us, I can't even believe it. Lisa Covelli cooked us food and told us funny stories, and Krista Gaylor, and everyone!

There is no such thing as a nonsequitor on this tour.

Went thrift-shopping in Louisville. I bought some art. An oval painting of a leafless tree and a cabin. There's no horizon line--just sort of light emanating from the tree, bleeding into the murky forest floor and the dark, orangey sky. Two fir trees for some reason extend beyond the oval. It's haunting. Off-kilter perspective, very lifeless. I can't stand colors or anything blooming in my house for the same reason I can't have mirrors. I need dark, lifeless things to suck up some of the excess energy. I hope I don't sound like an art fag. Well, I guess I am one. Oh well.

This girl Tara and her boyfriend Jim drank like 20 beers and smoked a whole pack of cigarettes--in about one hour! Then Tara told this guy David she had to talk to him outside about why he stopped calling her three years ago. So she's screaming at him and then she grabs his ass! At which point he ran away. Then she's hanging on her boyfriend and he says don't touch me, then they all disappeared. So they missed the show. Everything is crazy in Kentucky/Ohio. That's why I like it so much better than NY--you never know what will happen. In NY people cross their arms. Darcy and I agreed that "this tour is about breaking boundaries...and tables...and metal chairs...and Dyke Supreme's

thumb."

All of Kentucky is my boyfriend. Hanging out in the parking lot with the 20-year-old shirtless wonders. When I get in the van, they bang on it like gorillas, calling my name. We were afraid they were gonna knock the van over! I love them too. They think it's rad that I'm 29. If only they could see me between cities, driving, with my glasses and my sensible shoes--then they'd *really* be turned on. This has really been the 20-year-old tour. A 20-year-old Jew Aries proposed marriage to me in Boston, and the philosophy major I bit was 20 also. Back when I was 20, it was all 40-year-olds coming on to me.

Turns out the chicken died because Scott the Kentucky promoter left it in a cooler for 11 hours. He'd planned on releasing it to run crazy, but suffocated it. And then he actually told this to people. That chicken was doomed anyway--did he really think it would survive being underfoot 150 drunk Kentuckians?

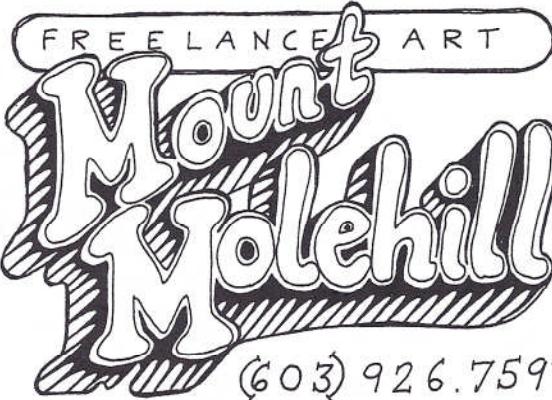
Two separate people in Louisville told Ohio last night that that was the first time they'd gotten naked in front of people since jail. (!)

Darcy is full-on hate for Coz now. She's like Princess Leia in that she likes to yell at men and has funny ears. During "I Can't Stay With You Baby" she just gave up singing her parts, and physically assaulted Coz with a hard plastic pitchfork. Fierce. But later that night, when Darcy was out of the van, Coz told us that he "hoped she didn't notice the bulge rising under his costume" during the attack. Ohio and I were horrified and hysterical. I leapt

out of the van and tried to tell Darcy what Coz had said but was laughing so hard I fell over and knocked her down. I tried to tell her, there on the cold grass, with my arms around her knees, but still I couldn't get any words out. "I know," she said. "I saw it." I almost died. Then she yelled, at 3 AM in a suburban neighborhood, bursting with righteousness: "No more pitchfork for you, Coz!"

We saw some art! A paintbrush was attached to one of the poky tips of a crane, and would dip into buckets of paint and slowly lift up its metal arm and paint on a big canvas hung on a building. It was sad and beautiful--this giant, lumbering machine moving so delicately. And in Lexington, KY!

Well, Kentucky certainly is interesting. It's a bunch of crazed, unpredictable people. Scott was so weird--sweating bullets, avoiding all eye contact, killing the chicken, cheating two sick old ladies out of their money, refusing to let in for free this guy who'd played for free for him two nights...and then we found out he'd recently been let out of jail for hit-and-running a child. He left a *child* bleeding and hurt and scared on the road. Anyway, we said we wouldn't play the final show without being paid first. He said no. We said OK, pay us half now. He said no, so we packed up our things and told everyone to get a refund and we'd play a party for free down the street. Scott refused to give money back unless people had a ticket. Some people hadn't been given a ticket, or they'd lost theirs. I started screaming that I was gonna kill him, which is always a very stupid thing to say. But I meant it thoroughly. Then everyone started screaming. I wanted so bad to punch him, but something held me back. Ohio had the same feeling, a premonition. We went to go play the party but the cops had shut it down. There we found out from Scott's friend that it had been Scott's plan from the beginning to have us arrested at the last show and keep all the money. Indeed, there was an undercover cop there. Scott knew there would be nudity and violence, and was counting on us being out of the way in jail and the \$650 in his pocket. I'm glad we listened to our sixth sense and that sweaty little sociopath's plan didn't work. We're like a real band in that we squabble amongst ourselves but are united against anyone else bothering any one of us. Darcy has really grown up. She's a woman now. She's been a real brat these last few years--not like she wasn't a brat when I met her, but it got a lot worse when she moved to New York where people confuse ridiculous behavior with talent. Not that I'm so freaking clear on what talent is myself, but I know there's a time to be crazy and a time to be responsible, and Darcy knows it now too. I was very impressed with her tour behavior this time, on-stage and off. The happy-go-lucky stragglers at the cop-cancelled



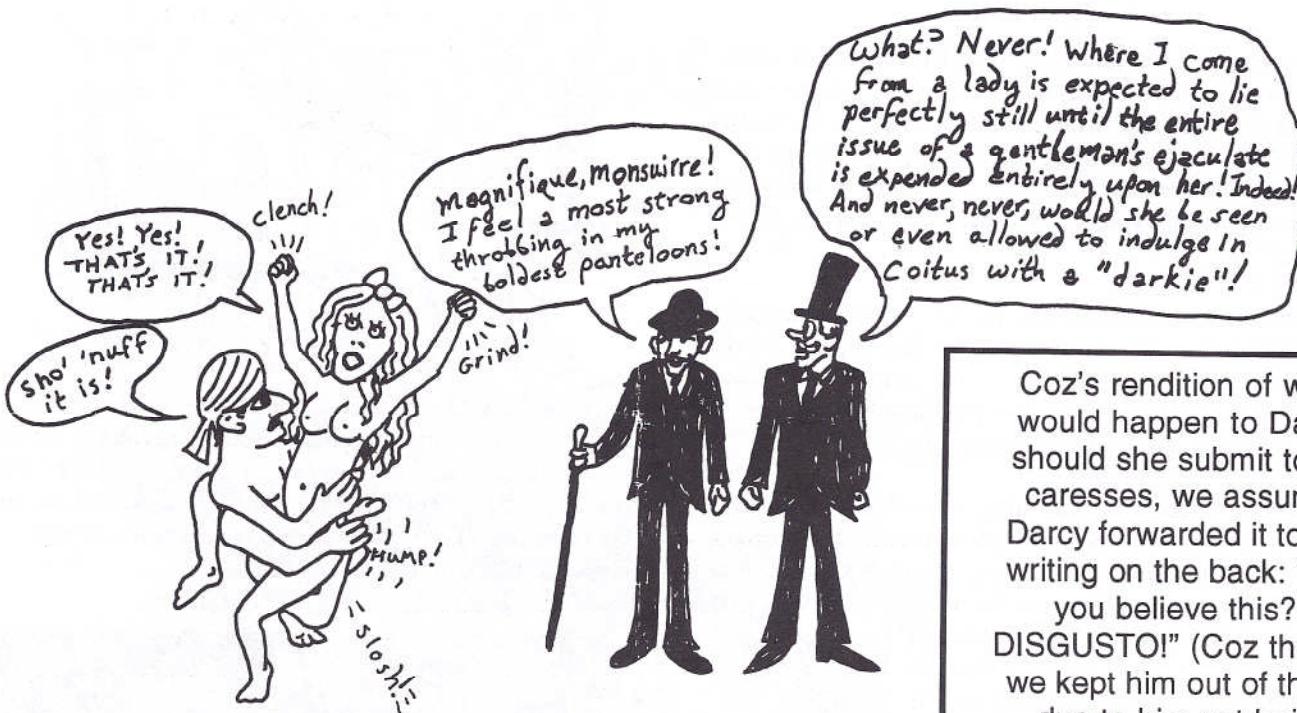
party gathered together gas money for us. They are so nice, I can't even believe it. The sum total was \$22, and you can bet that they gave all the money they had. Kentucky is ultra-cool. I don't know where I am, I mean who I am right now, but I feel pretty sure that the whole world is pretty good--all of it in different ways--and wherever it is that I am is good enough.

#### MAKING OUT WITH GIRLS IN KENTUCKY



One of my newfound  
shirtless boyfriends

Darcy being carried in, wearing her mermaid costume



## Letters

**"Boat people are into drugs and kinky sex; the book club was just a cover."**

Dear Lisa:

I want to tell you of an experience I had, related to your *Dancing Queen* book, and how it almost destroyed a book club. I met a woman I wished to court, and of course I joined her book club when she told me about it, only to be nearer to her more often. My friends all told me I must be pretty desperate to join this club, and that this woman was really square and lame. As the newest member, I got to pick the book, and I picked *Dancing Queen*. The club was supposed to meet on a sailboat on Lake Michigan. I'd heard that boat people are into drugs and kinky sex. This is what I expected, and I thought the book club was just a cover for these other activities. Well, nobody showed up for the club meeting except me, the woman, two club members and the couple that owned the boat. The water was extremely rough and we couldn't stay out on the lake for very long. Everyone except the boat owners felt sick, and the woman ended up telling me that I was too young for her. We came ashore to continue the meeting, which had turned into an argument (yelling) about whether you are a repressed lesbian man-hating sex pervert, or whether you are one but not so bad. I stayed out of the argument. I was just waiting for someone to pull out the cocaine. No one did. I later

learned that it's on boats with engines that all the drugs and sex happen. I didn't go to the next meeting, but I heard that the people who fought over your book got into a fight about affirmative action. Since then, I've heard, they haven't been able to get any new members.

--Tim Hohmann, Chicago IL

**"I devised a bizarre ruse."**

Dear Lisa,

I thought I would share with you a funny story about you that you probably don't remember: For five years I lived in the small, uneventful New England town of Dover, NH. There's a river surrounded by old brick mill buildings instead of a common green. Its narrow, twisted streets make it easy to disappear for months or years in anonymity. I was anonymous and bored in Dover.

In the spring of '96 I was walking down Atkinson Street and saw this thin blond woman reading on the sidewalk while her young son played with stones on the street. I thought there was something a little non-Dover about the pair. Later, during a conversation with a friend, I put it all together. I was living exactly one block away from the famous performance artist/magazine editor, Lisa Carver.

I devised a bizarre ruse to meet the infamous Lisa. I invented the phony NH Bureau of Publication Taxation. The idea was that the state was taxing all

Coz's rendition of what would happen to Darcy should she submit to his caresses, we assume. Darcy forwarded it to me, writing on the back: "Can you believe this??!! DISGUSTO!" (Coz thought we kept him out of things due to him not being "white"--but it was really due to him being so gross!)

magazines published in the state of NH, including *Rollerderby*. My ploy was to be detailed and realistic, much like my own fantasies. I went to Office Max and got a clipboard, and I printed a list of fictitious but real-sounding NH magazines: *Fun with Needlepoint*, *Woodworking with Chain Saws*, *The New Hampshire Republican Quarterly*, and *Rollerderby*. I put on a wrinkled white button-down shirt and a brown polyester tie from the early '80s. I tried to think slowly like a state worker. I drove the one block to her two-story apartment building to make it look realistic.

When I knocked on her door there were people laughing inside. Lisa answered the door and was very friendly. She even invited me in. I explained that I was from the state Bureau of Publication Taxation and that as a magazine editor she would be required to register with the state, to estimate her annual publication rate, and pay quarterly tax. The tax was of course a sliding scale to give the larger publishers a cost break (!). Lisa said she was sorry that she had not paid her taxes but that she had been meaning to call my department. I explained to her that the IRS collected income tax and the Bureau of Publication Taxation was a state agency. Lisa was very congenial and promised to look into the matter. I wondered if she would ever call the fake telephone number on the fake tax form.

--Andrew Hudson, Tampa FL

# Stalkers

by Joe S. Harrington

We've all seen those personal ads in the back of the alternative weeklies, that say "I Saw You," which basically amount to some poor person desperately trying to track down someone he casually crossed paths with a month earlier and became frantically obsessed with. It seems like such a completely hopeless proposition. You know the type of ad: "On the Green Line, approximately 4:45 PM 11/14, me, beige pants and cowboy hat; you, rhinestone walking stick and eye patch. You swung your brief case and hit me in the liver, for which I am eternally grateful. Hell, I read *Newsweek* too. Coffee sometime?"

The odds that the object of the letter writer's affections would just happen to be reading an ad in the back of a newspaper a month after a two-second encounter--that they probably don't remember anyway--are so low, I guess it just goes to show that everybody needs to put their faith in something. To some poor person, it's worth the \$35, just to get that glimmer of hope every time they see the light on their answering machine blinking: "Maybe it's her...."

Then there's the next level of infatuation: stalkers. In these cases, the pursuer has usually had at least some casual contact with the pursued. A spurned one-night-stand might ascribe far more significance to the failed "relationship" than it deserves. He or she might desperately try to convince the object of his or her affections to see the error of their ways. It's like the classic gadfly or Thing That Wouldn't Leave--how does one get rid of a person who simply will not take "no" for an answer?

I posed this question to my good friend, Tom, a successful lawyer in upstate New York who has had his own stalker for 12 years now. Named Sally (as in "Sally the Stalker"), she's continued to ply him with psychotic letters right up until recently.

JOE: So when did you meet Sally?

TOM: Springtime of our senior year in college, around April or May of 1986, at a frat party. It was probably the first one she'd ever been to. Sally was extremely a crunchy tree-hugger and it was obvious by looking at or talking to her. I recall that my mindset at the time was that I would screw anything that moved. I'd say that the three ugliest chicks I ever screwed occurred during that spring. One year later, Sally calls from out of the blue and says that she is passing through from Chicago to Long Island and would like to stop over. I was doing 69 with her within ten minutes of her arrival. I was glad to see her 'cause I was hard up. According to my diary, the day she came out, I started a job running a jackhammer on the highway ten hours a day all summer. My diary entry reads "Chiefs game with Sally and Mike O'Leary." I don't remember going to the game. Mike O'Leary is dead. He had a heart attack in the half-way house while trying to get off the bottle.

I didn't see Sally for a month or two later. By this time I am hot and heavy with Donna. Sally shows up one day and leaves me no out. I was drilling her within ten minutes of her arrival. As soon as I finished I excused myself and went to a friend's

apartment. I called Donna and told her that an old squeeze dropped in for the weekend and that she had better come over and let Sally know that I had a girlfriend. She did. Sally was devastated. Donna thought I was a great guy for enlisting her services in fending off a possible amorous encounter.

Then, in the fall of 1987, Sally announces that she's moving to town to go to school. I think she thought the distance was the only thing that was keeping us apart. I was seeing Donna on a regular basis and had no time or desire to see Sally. I only visited her once when she arrived and once when she left at the end of the semester. Eventually she moved back to Long Island and I didn't think I'd ever hear from her again.

JOE: What happened?

TOM: In 1993 I got a sad letter from her saying how awful things were, etc. I sent her a brief letter telling her to keep her chin up. Big mistake! All of a sudden the letters started coming on a regular basis, up until the time I got married in the spring of 1996. She also called once during this time and I had an awkward conversation with her. That was the last time I heard from her until recently, when she sent me a letter and a Christmas card.

"I am very sorry about my last letters to you. They were good therapy for me, but I regret the part where I told you you were not my friend. It was a lie. Of course you are my friend. You always were. You always will be. Our friendship runs deeper than any romance conflict. Our love for each other is real. Nothing will ever change that. I am so sorry I tried to punish you. I was just having so much trouble detaching. The letters I wrote to you helped me a lot. I am opening up to love, and my sweetheart, Adam, is the beneficiary.

"This opportunity to write to you came up because I was reading a very good book: *The Psychology of Romantic Love* by Nathaniel Branden. I was enjoying it, thinking of Adam, until I got to a chapter that reminded me of you. I thought of you, and began to cry. I love you so much. I wish so deeply that you will learn how to believe that my love for you is justified. I wish even more that you find the woman who is meant for you. She is out there, if only you will open your heart to love. She is waiting to give you everything you need to grow and heal and be very happy. I know she is out there, and I know you have not yet begun the work necessary to draw her into your life. You can do it, Tom. I know you can. I did it. Adam did it. He was even more fucked up than you. He was having bad acid trips without taking acid--his brain was out of his own control. He got well. You can, too. You can quit punishing yourself, and start living. She is waiting, Thomas. She is out there, and she needs your love as much as you need hers. I know it. I can sense these things."

JOE: "Our love for each other is real"? Can anyone actually be that delusional? Especially since you never answered any of the letters. It's funny how presumptuous she is, assuming that she instinctively knows what's best for you. Like she says "you can

quit punishing yourself, and start living" as if that's what you were doing just because that's what she's been doing. You attached a note to that one: "good letter."

TOM: I did that because she repeatedly makes reference to her boyfriend "Adam" whom she later reveals to be (duh!) imaginary. Sally always tried to characterize my indifference as the result of an unpleasant childhood or domineering parents or love for my dog. She couldn't understand that I was just a jerk guy trying to get my rocks off. Here's the letter where she found out I got married:

"I just read about your marriage. Elizabeth must be a special woman to be lucky enough to catch you. Of course I'm jealous, but I'll live. I am so glad to hear all is well by you. In my unhealthy imagination I had projected all my problems onto you. I'm glad to hear you're 'A-OK.' It makes a world of difference for me to know this, because I am always in need of a reality check. Now I know my mystical experiences don't add up to much. My angels are not from outside of me at all. They only know what my unconscious mind wants them to know, because they belong to me. Now maybe I can forget about them, and get back to real life. I am in a therapy group now, for people with my illness. One guy wound up there because he literally dressed up in a Batman costume and jumped off his roof. Such is the manic phase of this illness—that sounded like a good idea to him at the time. Now he is totally ashamed of himself. He broke his neck in the fall, but still is obsessed with the desire to try his act again. I am glad I am not that sick. Tom, I wish I didn't have an illness. I wish I did have whatever it is Elizabeth has. (She has you, among other things.)"

JOE: Sometimes I get the feeling reading these letters, Tom, that you screwed up her whole life--unwittingly and through no fault of your own, of course.

TOM: Did I personally screw up her life, or was the first guy to bang her and give her multiple orgasms destined to screw up her life? I think the latter. Imagine how depressed she would be if she never got laid.

JOE: She sent you poetry too, right? What was that like?

TOM: Her poetry is a cross between Emily Dickinson and Sylvia Plath—not a good combo! But it's excellent poetry. I'm flattered to have been able to arouse such emotion in another human being.

JOE: She sent you some religious books too. And they all had cryptic notes and asides written next to the passages she'd interpreted to be allegorical to your relationship.

TOM: She only got religious in the last three years. Perhaps this is because I always put down religion.

"Today I was in the card shop, when your guardian angel decided to buy you a card! That is a new talent I have--the ability to communicate with divine spirits from God's world.

"So this card is not from me at all. I didn't buy it. Your angel did. He is telling me to tell you that God is your father in heaven, who loves you

very much. He says God will take good care of you, if you will allow him to talk to you. He says you don't listen. Your angel says he keeps trying to get you to wake up and smell the caffeine in your coffee. He wants you to switch to decaf. He is telling me to tell you he is sick and tired of your complaints. Get a grip. Don't blame others for your fucked-up stress-related problems. They belong to you. You can't have what you don't want."



Sally

JOE: So that's God's law, huh? Switch to decaf! [laughs]

TOM: It was at this point that I started getting nervous.

JOE: Some of this stuff is pretty sad, like the "Spider" poem, where she writes in the margins: "I get up in the morning anyway," or the Christmas card from 1994 where she writes: "I am lonely, because I have been sick for years and I have no life." Here's a letter from April 10, 1996: "I have a

mental illness. I am scared. I don't know what is real and what was delusional. My angels are gone—I can't find guidance from them anymore. Is that because they were delusions, and my medication has saved me from them, and they know it? And what about the past?"

TOM: I wanted to send her a letter, explaining why I never replied and tell her something nice. I actually composed one, but I didn't send it because it seemed like it would mess up her head too much and she might even go crazy and start killing. Personally, I would like to get a letter or e-mail from her every day, because they're interesting and because it's cool to have a personal stalker. But I don't think she needs to waste any more time on me.

JOE: Here's one addressed to you, care of your mother, with a little note on the front saying, "Dear Mrs. M, please forward to your son." It's really pathetic: "My life has been a great disappointment to me, but I am working on it. Please let me know how yours is. If all is well, I will be inspired by your happiness. If you are a wreck, I will feel relieved knowing I am not the only one whose life is in the toilet." On top of that, she encloses a copy of the lyrics from the Bruce Springsteen song, "Backstreets."

TOM: That was the only one I ever replied to, and it set off a flood of letters, beginning with this one:

"I agree with your letter 99 percent. The only part I disagree with is the part about my needing an attitude adjustment. Condescending. You always were one to judge a situation before you had the facts. I used to get annoyed when you patronized me—that hasn't changed. Who are you to tell me what to do? I am a grown woman, I can take care of myself. If I want your advice, I will ask you for it. I did not ask you for your advice, and I certainly didn't ask you to help me adjust my attitude. My life sucks—it's reality."

JOE: She talks about her childhood in this one: "When I was in the second grade, my only friend was the girl who had her jaw wired shut." Hey Tom, explain what this one means: you wrote a note saying "trying to act like she's married..."

TOM: On the envelope, she took someone else's return address and crossed the first name out, which was her imaginary husband, and wrote her name in, as if she was "Mrs. So-and-So." She's a very sick woman.

#### Note from the editor

I'd rather be a stalker than someone who laughs behind someone's back. What's pathetic is not someone dreaming about the unattainable; it's the person gloating over another person's pain and ridiculous position--even making a notated collection out of it. "This is a new talent I have," Sally the Stalker claims: to divine angels' messages. Everyone needs to feel like they have a talent. The only one she could think up involved doing others' bidding, passing on others' messages--trying to help the successful upstate lawyer with the words of a guardian angel and Bruce Springsteen. So the fuck what if angels don't exist. Everything has meaning in context, in allegory. Even the simplest need: food to fill a stomach, takes on nuances of meaning according to what you give it. What you let it have. If this is a cold world, it's because of people unwilling to give meaning to other people's illusions, unwilling to admit that their own life is made up of illusions, ones that come true only when others share them, or at least have the decency to let us keep ours.

Interest in the human condition, wanting a place to reveal and inspect all its normally hid parts, is what made me start this magazine (well, that and my abnormal and unwavering interest in all things sexual). Crazy people and those who just don't fit are prophets. They are talking in a new way about our own dreams, desires, disappointments. That doesn't mean you have to like them. It does mean you have to have some empathy, at least if you don't want to be an asshole, and stay stupid all your life. I'm one to talk though, because through the years, my own sweet investigation has been overrun with voyeurism, egotism, popularity contests and just outright cruelty, with as much separation between Us and Them as in 7th grade. 

- **Mogwai**  
Come On Die Young dbl lp + cd
- **Nightmares On Wax**  
Carboot Soul dbl lp + cd [out 4/20]
- **Red Snapper**  
Making Bones dbl lp + cd [out 5/4]
- **Also Available:**  
Jega Spectrum  
DBL LP/CD  
Pole LP 1 / CD 1  
DBL LP/CD  
Pole 2  
DBL 12"EP/CD EP LONG  
Pizzicato Five Playboy & Playgirl  
LP/CD  
Cornelius FM: Fantasma reMixes  
CD  
Cornelius CM: Cornelius reMixes  
CD
- **coming this summer:**  
Belle & Sebastian, Two Lone Swordsmen,  
Arsonists, Pavement, Guitar Wolf,  
The Lynnfield Pioneers



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## Smash Your Ding-Dong

by Simone Sidwell

Have you ever seen this deathmetal magazine called *The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds*? I found one on the sidewalk and could not believe my eyes. Every single interview was conducted in Olde English ("Didst thou at one time wear a top hat?") and every single record review was negative and based around a homosexual theme (the gayness of the band)--consistently. The Grimoire Cover Girl is a metalhead lady decked out in K-mart lingerie & viking accessories. The mag is from New Jersey.

This astonishing find led me to a deathmetal show: Fleshless, Corpsevomit, Mastic Scum and Lividily. I was the only woman there, save for two others: a big breasted Swede who was the wife of one of the metal stars, and a grizzled 4'11 white trash lady I met at the very end when Corpsevomit threw a super-long jelly dildo into the audience and she ran up to grab it. I was up front the entire time being blown away by the brutal onslaught of Corpsevomit!!! I have never been alone in a room with so many men. Strangely, I didn't mind their long hair which I normally hate. But for these men it was perfectly natural. It was proper. I told ten to 15 random metalheads my thoughts on this, which were: "See, YOU, YOU can have long hair--but you're the only man who can get away with it!"

A lot of crimes against grammer were committed that night, starting with the name of one of the bands, Lividily. What they meant to say is "Lividity." I had a discussion with them and that is what they meant. I got a bunch of Fleshless merchandise, including a CD called *Free Off Pain*. I think they meant free of pain, don't you?

Mastic Scum lyrics:

Eat my fuck!  
I wanna puke in your mouth...  
you look so cool as a fool  
you're so stupid as a bloody arrogant  
eat that fuck-torture  
I must beat your shrunken head  
I must hack carve and slay  
I promise, the ritual will never end  
cause you're my wife, my very best friend

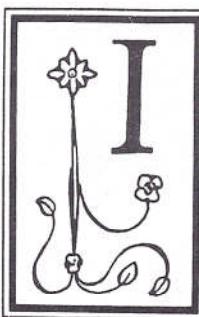
"I smash my ding-dong in your ass  
I know this is the way you want!"

Other choice lines:  
"Baby lick my dick, this old violet thing"



# Southern Man

by Pauline Wolstencroft



have always had a sweet affection for all things Southern. Growing up in the chilly suburbs of New York, I would fantasize about the steamy gator-infested swamps of Mississippi and pretend that the crickets' chirping around our cul-de-sac were actually calls echoing from a far off dusty cotton field. All year I waited impatiently for summer nights when I could pretend that I was some hot and bothered Southern belle lying in bed enjoying the humid air and the feeling of sweaty sheets sticking to my legs. Perhaps it was just a case of greener grass, but I believed the South truly possessed a magic that the North would never know.

During those countless sleepless nights, my South embodied all things sexual and romantic. I envied images of Southern debutante girls with forbidding hoop skirts and the boys that would inevitably try to get under them. I believed that everyone in the south was living out some secret life, fulfilling carnal desires that I could only imagine. It all seemed so dirty and adulterous, and appealing. I had a reoccurring dream about a boy knocking on my door. He smells of sweat and grass and beer (it's always summer). I invite him in for tea, and we of course wind up doing it on the hardwood floor next to the refrigerator, the only cool place in the house.

Sweat played an important role in my Southern fantasies. Not the kind of sweat you feel after jogging a mile or being stuck in traffic with no air conditioner, but the kind that triggers some strange hormone that makes you want to sweat more and more. The best way I've found to achieve this state of sweat euphoria is to combine yours with someone else's. In my mind's South, every day smoldered with a heat that left men and women feeling exhausted and aching for some kind of release. The only thing that could wake them from this inertia is a cold glass of sweet tea, followed by sex that could make an atheist speak in tongues.

My Southern women had skinny bony bodies with small perky breasts. They wore clothes that were almost see-through, a thin white cotton dress that looked like a slip, or a skinny-strapped tank top without a bra. Their beauty was rough; their bodies experienced, worn in; their eyes both troubled and comforting. Their life stories somehow seemed to be written on their thin skin, exposing something very vulnerable but hardened, and almost perverted.

The men had lean, tanned tough bodies fitted in button-down seer-sucker shirts on Sunday and dirt-stained snap-up shirts

during the week. Their butt-hugging denims range from light-blue, worn-in jeans to crisp new indigo Rustlers. Their jaws are sharp and their tongues are quick. Their fighting eyes could beat down any opponent but then instantly warm if the situation called for charm.

Movies and literature encouraged these stereotypes in my fevered mind. The hyper-sexual and emotionally charged characters of Tennessee Williams' plays and the obvious sexual innuendoes of "Gone With the Wind" gave me fantasy material for years. I idolized coquettish women, like Scarlett, with their masterminded tactics and forever successful flirtations. I tried to mimic these maneuvers while stumbling through pre-adolescence, like parading about in a big straw hat, pretending to garden, in an attempt to attract the attention of the 20-year-old mowing our lawn.

The trouble was that brooding young men, forever tan and scraggy, became my ideal, and I was born and raised on



Northern soil where the men neither brooded nor tanned, and they were much too busy grooming for Harvard to ever get really good and scraggy. My chances of meeting a lone Southern straggler were slim, and the only Southern accents to be found were those in jest.

Just as I had given up hope and resigned myself to having a fetish unanswered, a true-blue all-American Dixie boy happened to come along and show me what being Southern was all about. It happened one fine (and humid!) June evening. I had just ended a long relationship with a very nice New Englander and decided to forget about my love troubles and spend a weekend in Cape Cod with some friends. The last thing on my mind at that moment was meeting another man. But there I was, dancing at some cabana beach bar when I felt a hot and prickly presence inching its way towards me. I looked to my left and there was the best dancer I'd ever seen. His hips were rocking and swaying every which way while his muscular arms--one of which boasted

# thrill seekers

**Blur**

**13**



**Fun Lovin'  
Criminals**

**100% Colombian**



**Gomez**

**Bring It On**



**Manic Street  
Preachers**

**This Is My Truth  
Tell Me Yours**



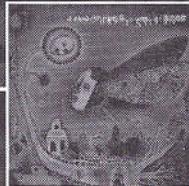
**Placebo**

**Without You  
I'm Nothing**



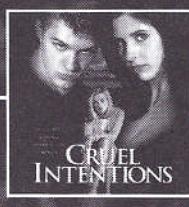
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### *Daniel surveys the homestead....*

a large tattoo of a Scorpion--made the motion of a runaway train. Just as his caboose was getting ready to steam its way across my tracks, his lips slipped into a smile as if to say, "Would you like to take a ride on this red-hot machine?"

One of his furious moves collided into mine and when he apologized, it took all my strength not to swoon--for the sorry came in the long, soft Southern drawl I had been waiting so long to hear. His name was Daniel Asher Brantley, he said, and he claimed Al-lo-bama, South Kakalakee (South Carolina) and The Volunteer State (Tennessee) as his homesteads. It was there, on the sandy dunes of Cape Cod, that Daniel would politely ask me for a kiss--by obliging I had finally ended my long-lasting search for a taste of Southern love. That first kiss was all that first kisses are supposed to be but rarely become. It began like a summer storm, when everything feels heavenly and quiet until a frenzy of rain and thunder pound down like hellfire. His face approached mine with caution, as though he wanted to count the seconds. When his lips descended on mine I reveled in the sensation of being devoured--he held me tighter and our mouths opened wider, his strong hands moved from my face down my neck.

Daniel was all I ever dreamed of; he possessed every quality of my sultry fantasy Southerner--he was spontaneous and wore his heart on his sleeve yet maintained the Southern Gentleman's chivalrous nature and their old-fashioned reverence for ladies. When he wasn't climbing up to my window for a

3AM drive to Atlantic City he was knocking on my door with flowers in hand. All Daniel had to do was speak and I was panting at every twangy syllable, whether he was saying "Thank You 'Mam" to an aging waitress or asking me out with the invitation, "We might could catch a movie..."

Although Daniel has been transplanted to the North, he wears his Stars and Bars with pride; inside that gentlemanly exterior is a touch of the Southern rebel--a man who is all action and susceptible to fits of jealousy and rage. Why there was a time when just the mention of an ex-boyfriend would send him into a fever of wall-kicking and cussing. He has since picked up a bit of Northern cool logic and our walls have fewer scars. But Daniel is a true Southerner at heart, proud and protective of what he's got. In matters of the heart it's all or nothing, which makes the notion of living by and for women completely satisfying to him. Ultimately he'd like nothing more than to dedicate himself to a life of protecting and pleasuring his sweetheart.

Our first nights together were filled with Daniel's long colorful stories about his mixed-up family, a cast of spirit-filled characters including Big Rock, a Holiness Pentecostal preacher who spoke in tongues and traveled the South preaching at tent revivals and his wife Miss Margaret who accompanied him on a Casio keyboard. Daniel's mother was 1959's Junior Miss Alabama; his uncle, a nudist who shared an apartment with 100 singing birds. There were many others, all involved in heartening tales of tragedy, survival and redemption.

The time had come for Daniel to introduce me to his roots, finally I was awarded the opportunity to experience Southern culture first hand with a beau to guide me. We planned a winter-long tour through the backwoods and high hills of his homesteads.

The first stop of our tour was Daniel's grandpa's house, where I was greeted with a big wet one on my cheek and a flock of flirty compliments. I noticed Southerners treat flirting as not a mere ploy to get a date, it can be just a way to make people feel special and welcome. We were quickly directed to a table covered with dishes of bacon and pork chops and fried chicken. Which brings me to another reason I believe Southerners to be the most sensual species around: The food! The Southern meal includes sauces and gravies and breaded delicacies that demand a good fingerlickin'. Nowhere else can grease feel sexy! Dining at a table surrounded by Southern men with healthy appetites, a meal of chicken skin and buttered biscuits can make a girl feel fed, full and filthy!

During our time down South, I didn't meet one man with a one-syllable name. If they did have a monosyllabic first name it was either followed by a catchy last name or preceded by a descriptor. Names like Rosco, Buddy Hayes, or Honest Ray say a lot about a man. Southern names seal a persons fate in a way their Northern equivalents never could. Often two-parters, Southern names just plain feel good rolling off my tongue. Before Daniel, I never took any special pleasure in saying a man's name, in bed or out. However, in the heat of the moment I often find myself calling for Danny Brantley, a name for me that beckons images of baseball players stealing home and the scents of fresh mowed grass. When I feel like bedding down with a high roller or some fast-talking, good-looking stranger at a truck stop, I just holler "Diamond Dan" and all the little firecracker fantasies I've stockpiled since childhood burst forth to light up my night like the 4th of July.

# Holly Golightly

Holly Golightly, of Thee Headcoatees, wears pigtails and, on the night I saw her, a gingham '50s romper. Two separate individuals reported never having seen her without a drink in her hand. She was to be this issue's covermodel, but she led me on a hundred-dollar chase, involving calls and posts to England and a trip to New York, where indeed she did have a drink in her hand, but no photo. As for her music, well--I think Holly's very similar to the mysterious, beautiful, deadly cats with human mouths populating a dream my son once had. "What did they say?" I asked. He wouldn't tell me. All he'd say was this: "It wasn't very nice."

LISA: What are you like as a girlfriend?

HOLLY: Oh, god. Probably about as bad as it gets. Really. I have a CD out called *Serial Girlfriend*--that's what I've been called.

LISA: How long does it take to drive them away usually?

HOLLY: A couple of years.

LISA: Two years? That's not bad.

HOLLY: I'm just very...I'm romantic, I mean it seriously at the time, but then I like being on my own. I'm bad with that.

LISA: What do you yell about?

HOLLY: Oh, anything. Anything.

LISA: Touring all the time probably adds trouble to relationships.

HOLLY: It is hard, it is hard. The people I'm attracted to are generally not involved in anything I do.

LISA: I thought you were involved with Billy Childish.

HOLLY: No, I'm not. We're friends.

LISA: Oh--I heard he was living on that houseboat with you. So who is living on that houseboat with you?

HOLLY: No one. Me.

LISA: What a life! Do you smoke and drink?

HOLLY: Oh yeah.

LISA: You have dark hair and you're skinny and have good comebacks. Smoking and drinking all alone on that houseboat...what a life! You're mythological.

HOLLY: Heh heh. It's all right. It could be worse. It's cold in the winter and it's hot in the summer and I need a lot of work done on the boat. But it's quiet, and I can do whatever I want as loudly or as

quietly as I want and it isn't going to bother anyone.

LISA: Do you think a perpetually bobbing life effects your philosophical outlook?

HOLLY: Erm...I'm barely floating. But yes, everything is always moving. That's what I like about it. There's always motion, there's always action--even if it is gentle. It's not a very wild river. It's peaceful, but with a giant motorway bridge over the roof, with always cars. So I always know there's something going on out there.

LISA: Is there any chance of it coming out of its mooring and you drift off somewhere in the night?

HOLLY: That's one of my nightmares, yes. Maybe an ex-boyfriend will come and cut the ropes one night.

LISA: What's the most vicious thing you've ever done to a boyfriend?

HOLLY: There's probably lots of vicious things I've done. Probably stabbing people with forks is not very nice.

LISA: Oh, my! Did you draw blood?

HOLLY: Oh yes.

LISA: I was just talking to a very married, quiet couple I know, and I learned that he had thrown a bucket of ice water on her head and she kicked the vacuum cleaner down the stairs at him in retaliation, but she ended up breaking her foot, because she kicked it with her bare foot.

HOLLY: People do bizarre stuff to each other. You can be truly awful to someone you're close to. You'd never be bothered with people you don't know well.

LISA: You'd never stab, say, the waiter with the fork.

HOLLY: No, not in a million years.

LISA: What happens to your body when you get angry? Do you get all red?

HOLLY: I don't normally change color. If I'm really angry, I do shake.

LISA: That's good, shaking--like an alley cat.

HOLLY: I have a, you know, a raging temper. Really like I've ever seen. The only other person who has a temper like me is my mother. The two of us together, it's like Clash of the Titans. We're just very...intolerant.

LISA: You ride horses?

HOLLY: Yeah. I used to run stables. I taught people to ride.

LISA: Wow--I'm seeing something here.

I'm seeing you galloping, and then I'm seeing you bobbing at night.

HOLLY: And do you know what I do for a living--I'm a truck driver. It's always motion. Nothing ever staying still for long.

LISA: And then you're flying all over the world on these music tours. In England, do you have greasy spoon diners at truck stops?

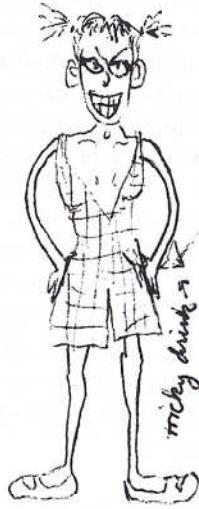
HOLLY: Yeah. People who drive trucks--it's probably the same story all over the world. They're all really overweight, really smelly people who live in their trucks, basically. In America, they have to go such long distances. Here, there's no excuse for it. You can drive from one end of the country to the other in a day. But they still stink, and they still eat in these truck stops. I actually have to stop by law, for a break, so I invariably end up in these truck stops with these big...I don't know, I can't really explain them--they're just like another breed.

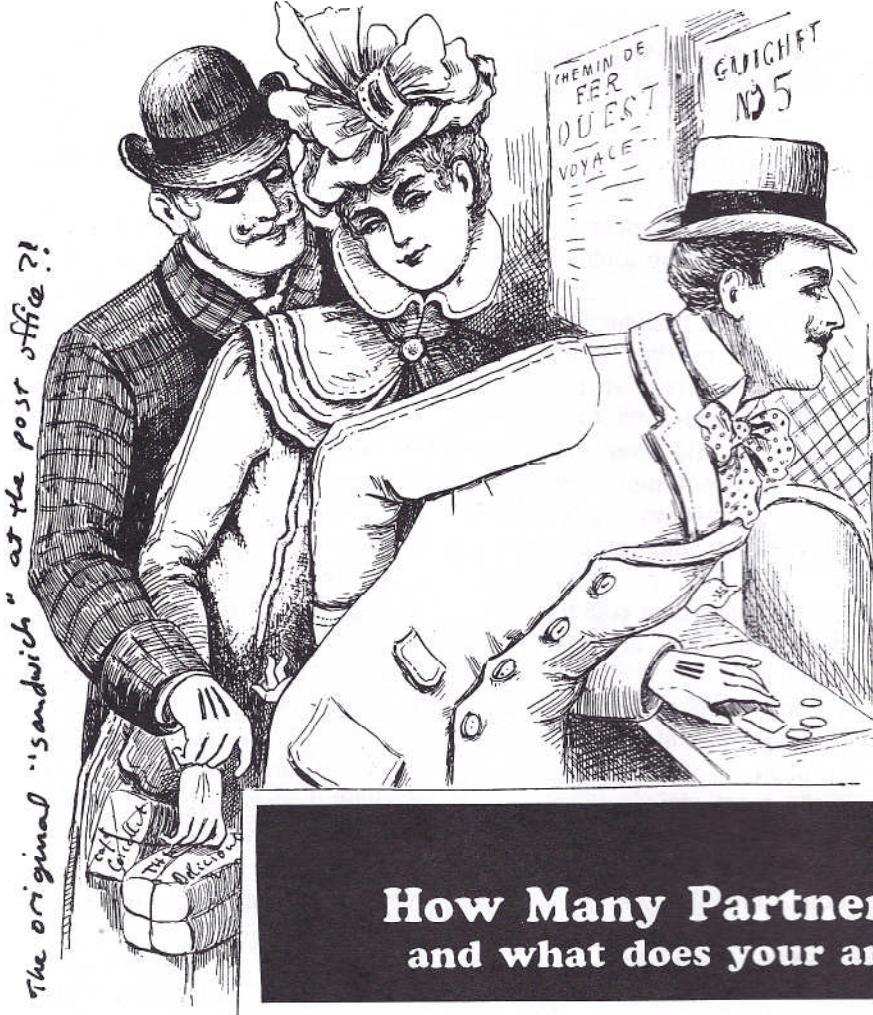
LISA: Do they wear checkered shirts over in England?

HOLLY: Oh yeah, all of that. And they have the chrome lady on the front. I'm getting someone to make me a chrome bloke for the front of mine.

LISA: With a dangling, enormous--

HOLLY: Yeah! Just leaning back with his hair in the wind. I thought that would be really nice.





One was a convicted criminal. Three were from foreign countries. Two were goatherders. One was a popular musician. One was a Marine. Two were alcoholics. The rest were probably cartoonists and writers. The age range of people I slept with in the last couple years spanned from 18 to 54. I wish there were more girls, but it's hard to pick them up when you're straight. There could have been twice as many boys, but I probably had a headache or something. I have a lot of natural energy and sex is a very good outlet for it. I find it easy to be "just friends" who fuck, but if I'm in a relationship I find it just as easy to be utterly monogamous and in fact, it turns me on to no end.

CYNTHIA CONNOLLY (34): Two males. Answer says: I don't know. I'm "safe"?

CHRIS HALL (32): 80-something women.

IAN FITZPATRICK (24): 13 girls. My answer says: That I have more discretion than Chris Hall. That Chris Hall is a slut.

## How Many Partners Have You Had? and what does your answer say about you?

AMY KELLNER (24): Five boys, two girls. It means though I enjoy sex, it's not a top priority for me.

BEA JASPER (28): About 40 men, three women.

MICHAEL TRAVIS (32): 7 F, 1 M. I think my totals indicate I have so much more to give and that I got a late start.

LISA: Tell about the 1 M.

MICHAEL: It was one or two isolated incidents. We were friends. No kissing or showing of affection--it was a little like fighting someone. It was exciting because it was so forbidden! I think what is much more exciting (especially because I have never tried it) is the m/m/f "sandwich." The man in the middle gets the dual treat of penetrating and being penetrated at the same time, the woman gets to feel the upper male thrusting into the lower male as it in turn effects the lower male's thrusts into her, and the upper male gets off on the fact that he is reaching two partners with his thrusting. You can't duplicate the sensation of a man penetrating you by using a dildo, because you are in control of the dildo's movements. The biggest thrill of being penetrated by another male is the fact that he is in control and you are at the mercy of what he wants to do. It is psychologically very compelling. Under the right circumstances, I think I would try it again. I didn't feel any less "manly" because of those experiences. In fact, being the object of both male and female sexual desire is very flattering.

QUEEN ITCHIE (25): 29 boys and three girls. There have been three Michaels, two Tims, and two Richards. One "Pierre"—?

MATT JASPER (32): About 25. All chicks. Answer says: I'm gay, but obviously repressing it pretty well in a futile attempt to live a lie.

TOM (30): Two women; both having substantial mental health issues. I am no longer involved with either and I've become reliant upon a dog-eared back issue of *Hustler* for, uh, stimulation. I squint at the tiny ads for phone sex and whale away. This says that I have never learned to meet people properly. I have no "line"; I just wait for the next psychopath to stumble into my life and turn it upside down. Some plan, huh?

MARK MALLMAN (25): Six females.

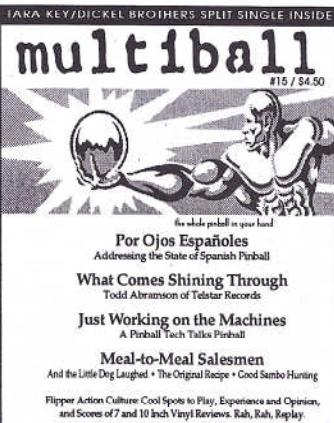
ANONYMOUS MALE (32): None. Answer says: I'm still a bit shy and it sucks.

BILL BRENT (38): Dozens of women, thousands of men.

ALISA McCOY (25): 11 males, maybe 12. One-and-a-half females. Answer says: Not too much I hope. I don't know--is that a good number or bad?

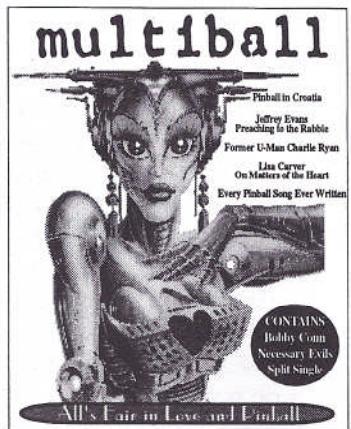
JASON (21): Four females, one male. Although--Lisa--I'm attracted but I'm not altogether the outgoing type. The art/body painting thing is for real. Do I have sexual motives? Sure. I like wild and crazy women but I also believe in what I do in possibly the same ways you believe in what you do. I hope that picture didn't scare you. I'll send you some better stuff later.

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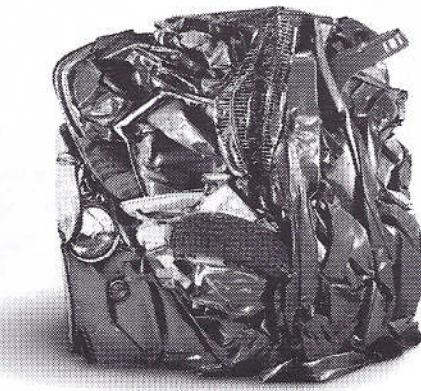
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CHAMPAIGN PUBLIC LIBRARY PATRON OF THE MONTH:  
MICHAEL LEVIN, "MASSUESE."

this page by Simone Lishell

Normally, the Patron of the Month is a charming if eccentric creature. This month, honors go to a creature admittedly eccentric, but wholly without charm. I direct your attention to the hideous greeting cards displayed before you. I now ask you to suppress the natural pity you may feel for its author. This "man" is making my final weeks working at the public library a living hell of ghastly greeting cards, cloying flowers, and blighted Fannie May candies.

Michael Levin has been a regular patron for a few years, checking out such winning titles as "How to Attract Anyone, Anyplace, Anytime," various outdated lovemaking manuals, and an array of pathetic "subliminal" cassette tapes ("Overcoming Loneliness"). His grotesque physical appearance, coupled with the desperate gleam which lights his bulging eyes, has long made him one of the most dreaded library patrons. Library workers have been known to abandon their posts once he is spotted in line. Once, when Tracy was working at Lox, Stock, and Bagel, Michael Levin gave her his "business card"—a crude scrap of paper with the dubious title "Michael Levin, Massuese" sadly printed across it in handwriting totally devoid of self esteem. I thought that was very amusing! My mirth, however, has come to haunt me:

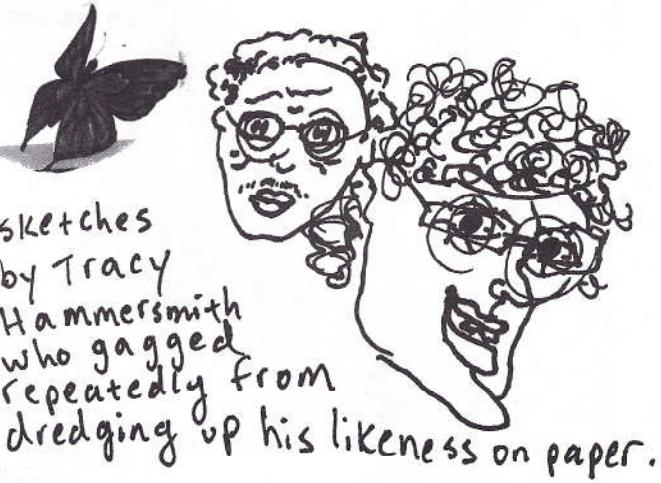
Some weeks ago I spotted Michael Levin at the Gypsy bar. He was alone, as usual. In my drunken mania, I ran up to him and babbled "Is it true you are a massuese by trade?" I then ran away, highly amused by his energetic nods. What a terrible, terrible error I made! A few days later I received the first in a series of awful and increasingly deranged "greeting cards," in which his nauseating fantasies became revealed to me. Mr. Levin, "massuese" terrorized me next with flowers delivered to the Library, cleverly signed "Your Secret Admirer." I pleaded with the flower shop to describe the party responsible for sending them. After they described him—"mid 30's, short, tight curly hair"—they actually apologized, adding "We didn't think this man should be sending anybody flowers." Soon, a box of Fannie May candy turned up in the bookdrop with yet another indecent greeting card. The most recent greeting card is so loathsome and appalling that the Champaign Police Department has taken an interest in its author.

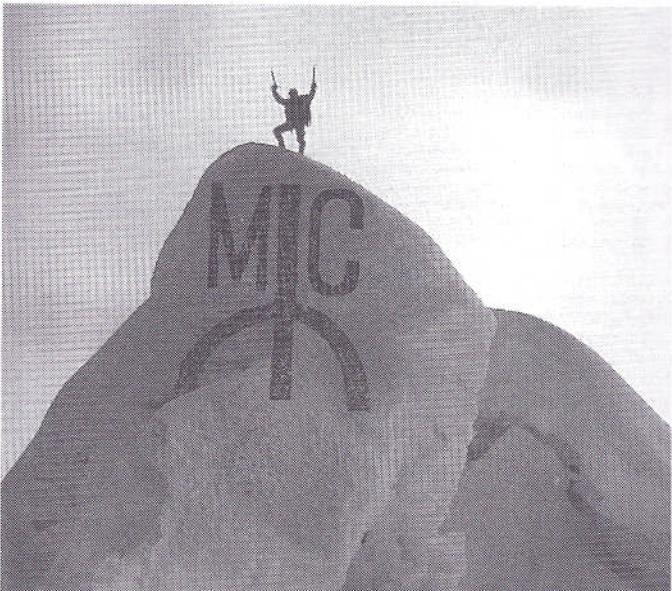
Hi Simone  
I feel some connection  
with you that I would  
like to chat out

I am kind of a novice  
with women - No, I am  
not gay or anything like  
that.

When I summon the  
courage I will stop by  
the Champaign Library  
to see if we may get  
together for a cup of  
coffee, tea, etc.

Sincerely,  
Mike Levin 20-





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me DOESN'T  
necessarily make  
me STRONGER, BUT IT  
SURE AS HELL makes  
damn GOOD COPY.**

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lifestyle: at the risk of sounding pretentious

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betwixt: mustache

I could not recommend this band any more highly! - The Noise

rockets burst from the streetlamps: above a moving train

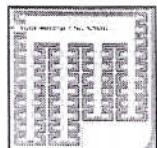
I was gonna buy your CD, but I was so drunk I forgot  
- Jennifer Carter

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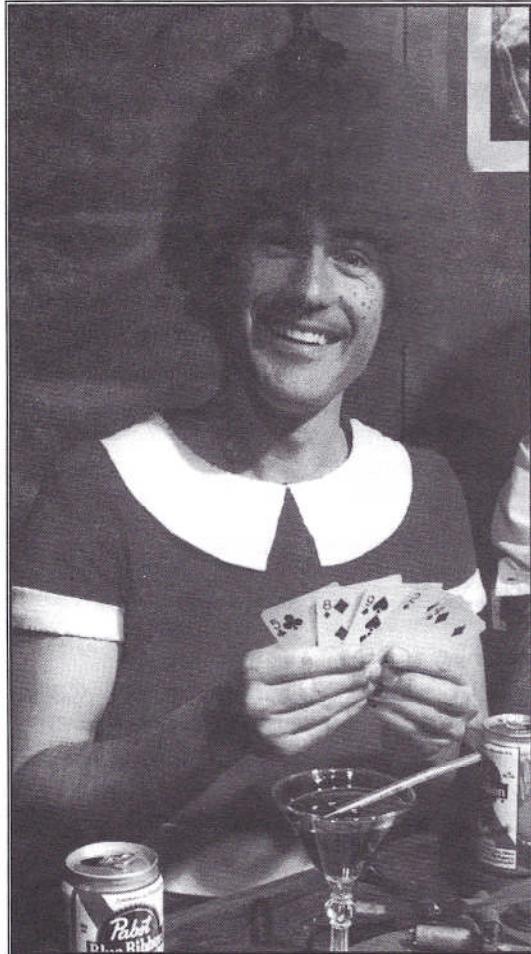
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## Indian Buffet

by David Charles Godkasan

The Indian buffet is an emotional endeavor. The Chicken Tikki Masala is a delicious curry of approximately one zillion spices of fragrances. Remember the candy in Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory that would adapt to taste like whatever food you thought about at the time? Indian foods will taste one way at first then change constantly as spices burn off or melt away and are overpowered by other ones that may last a bit longer. Some of the spice combinations are zesty and fire-powered like Mexican foods yet Indian food is not nearly as bombastic. The Indian paneers and mutters offer a subtle and soft sleepy caress that Mexican cuisine could never imagine. As the spices constantly melt and intermingle you feel like you are riding an emotional rollercoaster. Cumin and peppers enraging you, rosewater and tikki engaging you. Suddenly a clove bursts and kisses Masala and all you can think of is Christmas.

Crazy Lisa Carver literally began to cry, tears flowed out of her eyesockets, as she peeped, "I just wish everyone in the whole world could enjoy this meal."

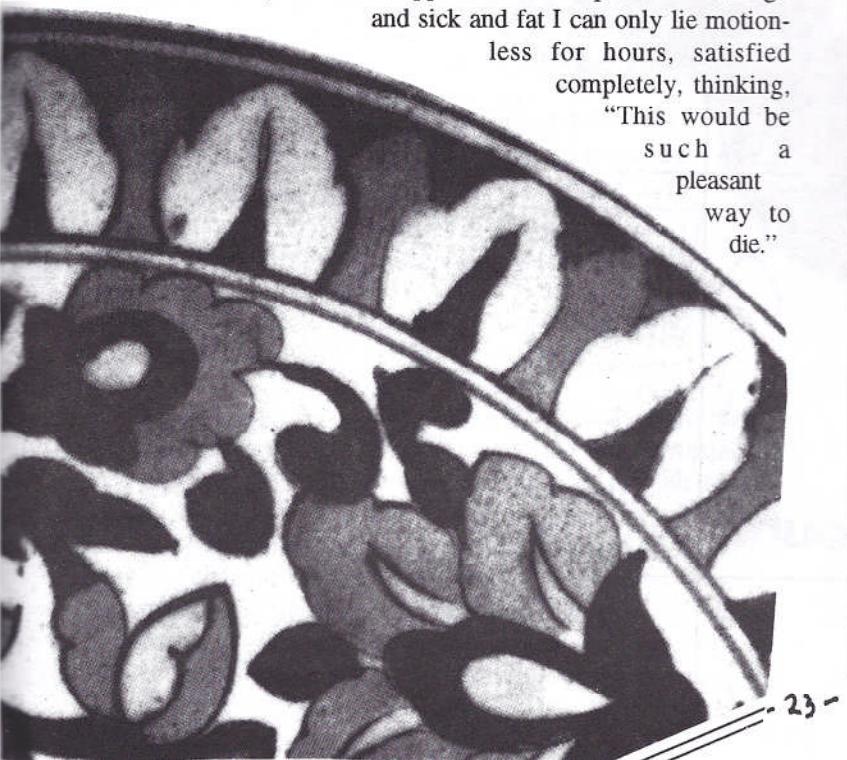
"No more Indian Buffet. You have got to stop," my girlfriend at the time would plead with me. Every day I would forgo important plans, stuff myself sick at the buffet and then fall asleep. Some days I would lie and claim to have not eaten the buffet. But even after a post-meal shower, certain select fragrances were too potent to remain undetected. My cover was blown.

I was lying to support my habit.

I would try to drag others down into my addiction, inviting friends to lunch, but I soon became embarrassed at the look of horror as my lunch date would stare across the table as I shoveled plate after plate of food down my throat with no control.

After I fill my stomach entirely, I continue eating until I've filled my esophagus and food is visibly bubbling at the back of my epiglottis (a process not dissimilar to topping off a gas tank). The Indian Buffet is so decadent every taste bud and olfactory element is appeased. At this point I am so high and sick and fat I can only lie motionless for hours, satisfied completely, thinking,

"This would be such a pleasant way to die."



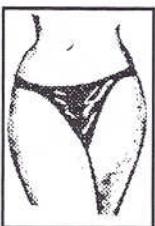
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- 1) **Describe your favorite/ideal panties if you could design a pair?**
- 2) **What kinds of panties do you like the best/least? fabrics/colours/style?**
- 3) **What is the most you ever spent on a pair of panties, why? What were they and were they worth it?**
- 4) **Do the panties that you wear depend on who's going to be seeing them?**

send wise-ass answers to:

[pantyline2@aol.com](mailto:pantyline2@aol.com)

**pantyline po box 650133 austin tx 78765**

psssssst:

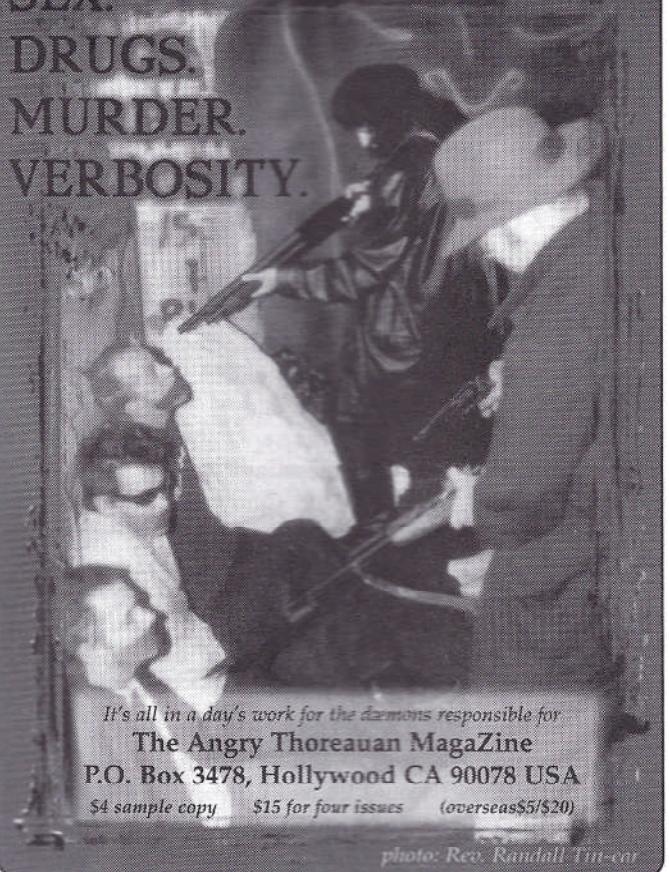
this is also a shameless solicitation for potential/aspiring models to submit photos to be considered for participation in a worldwide advertising campaign. hint: knock-dead glamour is far from essential and attitude speaks volumes more than a so-called perfect body.

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*photo: Rev. Randall Tim-een*

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# Cowboy

by Meghan Haas

## Cowboy

I've got a man who likes to hold my hand. He draws circles on my back, he knows he can't take them back. He might be my cowboy. He might wanna take the high road. I reach for the guns at my hips, he looks and bites his lips. We could be smokin' all the way to the bank. I've got a man with stars in his eyes, he slides his fingers down my thighs. He might be my cowboy. I took a picture of myself today. I got my brush and painted it, I cut it up and pasted it, then I threw it all away. I raise my hands above my head, I stomp my feet and look around, then I shoot 'em all down. I've got a man who likes to hold my hand, he might be my cowboy.

## Monday

The Sunday paper always stays on the floor until Friday. I've got your record, I play your record. Your voice reaches down to the bottom of my stomach. I've got your clothes, I wear them like armor. I can't see through you anymore. You can't see me at all. It's Monday again, can't you hear me crying? Howcome you're not calling? There was a moment when you were everything to me. Now I'm too loaded. I'm driving to you in reverse, backing into cracking up. Who knows where you've gone to with your handsome luggage. I'm here, cleaning up the coffee with the milk. One of these days you'll be calling me back.

## King Whitey Big Dick

I'm practicing my steely looks to give to the men downstairs. I wear a red lock on a chain around my neck and I pretend that you gave it to me. I dust off my croquet set and wax my kitchen table. I pretend that you'll stop by this weekend. I flatten my skirt closer to my knees and ignore their stares. I wipe my lipstick off with the back of my hand and I push my sunglasses up my nose. I slide into my car sideways, trying to be as still as possible. I play the same song over and over on the tape deck and

move my lips to the words: "Shake your tail feathers baby." I'm pretending that I'm in a cab on the way to the bus station, clutching a Richard Brautigan book in my sweaty hands. My right foot instinctively twitches on the one and three. I'm almost shaking

with

nervous

excitement.

I catch a glimpse of graffiti in my rear view mirror that says, KING WHITEY BIG DICK. At the same time I catch a look of the lipstick smeared across my cheek. Suddenly, all the soft edges fall away and the day unfolds before me.

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illustration: Steve Power

# Order Me!

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**RD11:** Combustible Edison; cat reviews; Barry Manilow; bathroom secrets from San Francisco socialites; Darcy's nightmare night; arguing about reality and how to best get what you want; the neighbors invite us to a birthing; Cindy Dall bunny fairy--32 pgs. [293] \$3

**RD9:** Jaina Davis on Prague, being an heiress, and her weird family; Costes on his 13-year-old girlfriend Darling, being hated, and hating Darcy; turn-ons of the RD staff; Rebecca Odes's and Vicky Wheeler's Dunkin' Donuts diet tips; diary of a love triangle; Pete Bagge cartoon--24 pgs. [222] \$2.50

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Books.....

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**Dancing Queen:** "Carver is a lover of life, and a peculiar, but very sincere, cheerleader for the American dream, with all its sexual overtones, tackiness, raw smarts, and brashness."--*Amazon City*.

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**Box 474, Dover NH 03821**

## Praise

The following companies have been uncharacteristic to this business--consistently prompt, courteous and pleasureable to deal with all these years, and I recommend them: Artware, Carrot Top, Drag City, Glovebox, Koma, Matador, Parasol, Quimby's, Revolver, Sub Pop, Tower and Virgin.

## You

I've really enjoyed your correspondence, your comments on my life and tales of your own. There have been years-long mail feuds, some of them resulting in romance!! I'm going to miss it. You can still find me at Nerve.com, where I have a weekly diary, and essays. Email me at lisacc@ici.net.

## Please

Please order back issues! I would really like to clear out some closet space, and I hate to think it's all over and these great interviews and times are just lost, never to be read again. *Rollerderby* is not like *Vogue* or *Premiere* where it's so fashion/times hot you have to read an issue currently or not at all. It's about the human condition, which never changes so very much, and sex--which as far as I can tell doesn't change at all. Did you know that archaeologists have found depictions of Ice Age S&M?

Cheers!

*Lis Carver*  
29 July 1999

Richard + Fat Week Chords



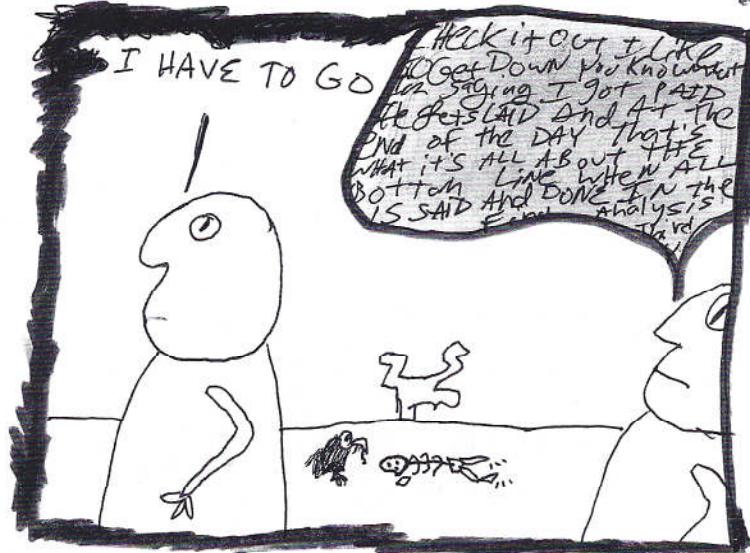
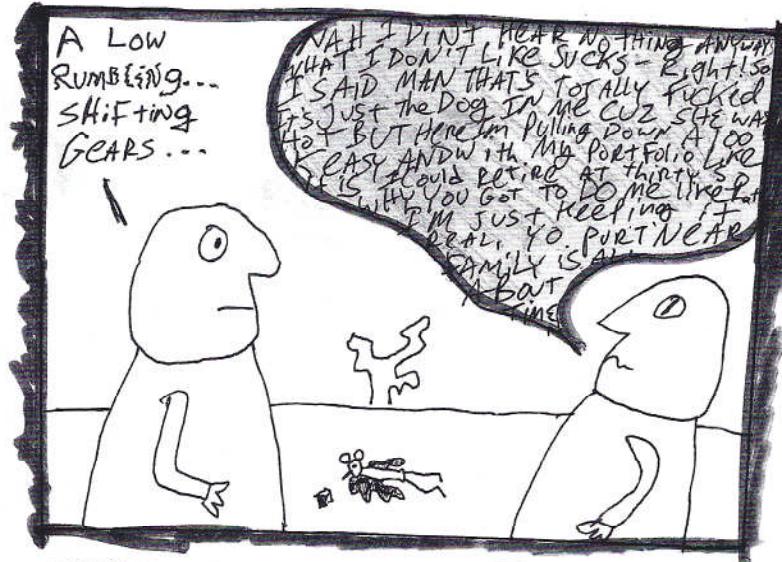
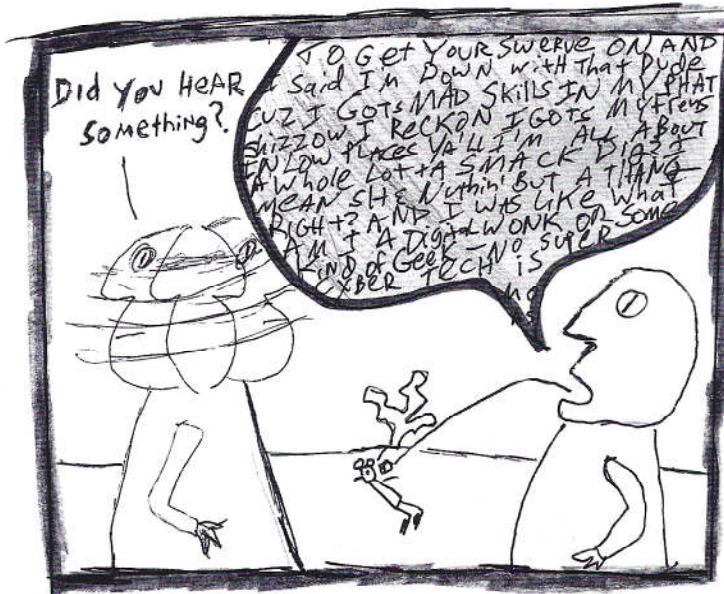
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